

## Village Head 1299

Chapter 1299 Six Cores of the Celestial Spirit Court's External Base Division (2), Grand Commander of the Celestial Spirit Court External Base Division (2)

Looking at the woman, who bore no resemblance to a Spirit Beast nor radiated any familiar aura, Mansarri realised he had misjudged the situation.

Turning his gaze, he noticed a similar woman with wings on her back, probably of the same race, who had appeared before the Baron and Aristocrat-ranked Spirit Beasts near the four Cores. A similar floating box hovered beside her, deepening his frown as he tried to assess its purpose.

'This is better. All I need to do is inform them of who they're dealing with, and they'll surely back down or choose to make amends,' he thought, calming his heart and focusing his attention forward. The woman's aura was suppressed, appearing as an ordinary woman, but Mansarri knew otherwise. But it didn't matter to him. The only things he needed to be wary of were the ones still hiding—and that box.

Since he had already been discovered, he chose to reveal himself. His figure emerged out of thin air, towering over the land below as he stared directly at the woman and began to introduce himself.

"I am..." Mansarri started, but before he could finish his sentence, the woman waved her hand. Starlight dust surged from her palm and swiftly enveloped him.

"You—?" Mansarri was stunned.

He released a roar that shook the surroundings before charging toward her. However, he noticed something strange, but it was already too late, as he had arrived in front of her. The woman, who appeared no larger than a speck of dust moments ago, now towered over him like an unreachable giant. At first, he thought she had grown in size but soon realised the truth: he had shrunk, reduced to nothing more than a speck of dust compared to his former self. He turned his head to glance into the distance and realised the four Cores had vanished despite the fact that he could still sense their auras.

'Did they also shrink?' Mansarri was alarmed. His heart trembled in fear as a realisation struck him like a bolt of lightning after experiencing the woman's formidable prowess.

As the woman attacked, her aura also leaked. He had sensed only such a powerful aura from a handful of individuals, who were all divine beings - not just any but a full pledge divine. He had been expecting to deal with a demigod, so this revelation stunned him momentarily.

'I need to notify the Supreme Base Leader. We must alert Headquarters immediately,' Mansarri's mind raced. He didn't know why such a formidable figure was within their territory, especially in this unremarkable corner of the Middle Layer of the Spirit Realm, or how many others there were.

But none of that mattered now. What he knew for sure was that the Celestial Spirit Court's External Base Division was incapable of handling this threat. Even the Supreme Base Leader wouldn't be able to face a being like this.

Despite his desperate efforts, Mansarri realised that he still couldn't establish a link to communication with the outside world. Soon after, he realised he couldn't even activate his Spirit Treasure.

"I am the Viscount Mansarri, the Grand Commander of the Celestial Spirit Court's External Base Division in this territory!" he called out. "My comrades and I came here to quell a rebellion! We were unaware that an esteemed goddess resided here—had we known, we would've sent an invitation to discuss matters formally! Please forgive my insolence, revered goddess!" Mansarri pleaded, his voice trembling.

If it had been a demigoddess, he might have believed their External Base Division could delay her until reinforcements arrived from Headquarters. But against a full-fledged goddess, even the Headquarters would struggle. Upon hearing her words, Mansarri's eyes widened. Their base was extremely well-hidden to prevent it from being openly targeted by the Celestial Spirit Court's enemies. For the goddess before him to utter such words with confidence, he knew they had managed to pinpoint its location.

Suddenly, his body went limp. Mansarri let out a deep sigh as he realised there was no way to escape this situation. His mind quickly stabilised. Then, he sensed a powerful suction force emerging from the large box. His body tensed, only to fall into a daze once again. In an instant, he scattered into countless specks of light, vanishing into the large box.

A horn, appearing to be made of rock, over a hundred meters in size, materialised in his previous position.

"This must be his Spirit Treasure," Breezeflutter muttered. She had sensed Viscount Mansarri's attempt to activate it before swiftly isolating it with her divine power. The Spirit Treasure shrank

into her hands, and she stored it away. Once she returned, she would hand it over to Orion. The space around her twisted, and she vanished into thin air.

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As J'garin and Zymera watched Whisperwing effortlessly crush the four Viscount-ranked Spirit Beasts, feeding them to the large box, they realised they would never become accustomed to such scenes.

In their efforts to become familiar with the group, they also got acquainted with Iy'yra in the process and learned that there were beings inside the box who were part of the group—they were the ones devouring the Spirit Beasts. This discovery made them doubt whether Orion and his group were somehow connected to the Calamity that had descended upon this territory. But as soon as such thoughts emerged, they were immediately dispelled. Whether or not they were connected to the group was no longer their concern, as they had already pledged their allegiance to Orion.

Four items appeared in the positions of the Viscount-ranked Spirit Beasts who had just been killed. The first was two enormous curved scimitars. The second was a fiery-winged cape. The third was a segmented, electrified spinal ring. The fourth was a familiar pair of ragged black gauntlets.

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Within a room, a man with platinum hair stared dazedly at the scene reflected on the mirror-like screens before him, no longer paying attention to the others around him. In his left hand was the communication stone, and in his right hand was a wide scroll that coiled in the air around him.

The tension in the room was discernible.

His body trembled unconsciously, his heart filled with fear as he realised that he could no longer sense the life brands of the four Cores and Grand Commander Mansarri, who had gone to subjugate the rebellion.

As much as he didn't want to believe it, he knew he had no other choice.

"Viscount... the barrier is gone, but the four cores and the Grand Commander... are all gone!" A frightened voice came from the communication stone.

The man with platinum hair quickly snapped out of his daze and tightened his grip on the communication stone. "Return to the base immediately. Flee as fast as you can, and don't stop to rest until you've reached the base!" he commanded, his tone sharp.

"Understood, Viscount. I'm on my way," the voice responded hurriedly.

As the connection was cut, the man with platinum hair established another link.

"What is it, Viscount Layrin?" A feminine voice emerged from the other side.

"Supreme Base Leader..." Layrin swiftly explained the situation to her.

Once he was finished, a brief silence fell before it was quickly broken.

"Are you certain that Grand Commander Mansarri, Viscounts T'Vil, Kelvayra, Vrayvok, and Gor'than are dead?" The Supreme Base Leader asked, sharper than before.

Layrin gulped and nodded. "Yes, I can no longer sense their life brands," he replied.

"Do you truly have no idea how they were killed? As our watcher, I doubt not many things can escape your eyes with this territory. Or are you... walking with the enemy?" The Supreme Base Leader asked after a brief hesitation.

"Impossible! I would never betray the Celestial Spirit Court, Supreme Base Leader! The enemy is capable of blocking my watcher's technique, meaning they are more powerful than we could have imagined!" Layrin responded quickly, clearing his name as a traitor. A brief silence filled the air on the other side, causing Layrin's heart to tremble in fear. He would also have suspicions if he were in her position.